SORROWFUL CITY FOR THE INSANE

Nearly 3,000 Unfortunates at St. Elizabeth's.

UNCLE SAM'S HELPLESS WARDS

Pathetic, Touching, and at the Same Time Terrifying and Harrowing Scenes at the Government Insane Asylum—Medieval Idea of Brutal Treatment Is Refuted.

The classic question of Shakespeare, "Oh, who can minister to a mind diseased," finds a better or fuller answer no place in the world, perhaps, certainly nowhere else in this country, than at the Government Hospital for the Insane, the enormous institution out beyond Anacostia among the thickly wooded hills of Congress Heights.

Here there is a steady population of 2,000 and over, men and women suffering from all forms of mental disorder, from the harmless and much-to-be-pitied epileptic to the disordered minds afflicted with homicidal mania, who are dangerous to themselves and others. Between these two extremes there are more varieties of mental disease, more forms of insanity than an average man could memorize the technical names for in a month.

Has Steadily Grown.

Created by act of Congress in 1855, the Government Hospital for the Insane has been steadily growing in size and importance until to-day the main buildings stand in a park of 167 acres, thickly covered with handsome and up-to-date buildings, and opposite Alexandria it owns another 400 acres, used largely as a farm whereon most of the produce used by the hospital is raised. Because the hospital has been a creature of growth according to necessity, it has not always followed a definite plan of development, but, in its entirety, it represents practically every type of asylum construction that has been in vogue for the past half a century.

But its growth, year by year, especially since its administration has been in the hands of its present superintendent, Dr. William A. White, has been along the lines of the most approved and modern methods. The buildings are divided into groups, each group having its hospital for the sick of that group and with its own set of trained nurses.

In the center of the grounds stands a handsome administration building, and on either side of this are two psychopathic pavilions, where the patients are placed when first received. Here they are watched, their cases noted, and if it is necessary, they are assigned to other departments where their specific ailments may be more carefully and intelligently treated.

All Departments Crowded.

But vast as the institution already is, it is crowded in every department, and Howard Hall, the department for the criminal insane, is crowded to its utmost, while the steward of the institution in his latest report, says: "Attention is called to the necessity of providing ways and means to enlarge the capacity in the shape of beds, in order to keep up with the new patients being received. All available space for beds has been used and further additions will necessarily have to be new buildings." Undoubtedly this is true, but so skillfully do the officials of the institution make use of such space and material at their command, that, though one gets the feeling that the place is thickly populated, there is no evidence of overcrowding and certainly none of discomfort.

For the population of this unique and sorrowful city of the insane shows no signs of diminution. The average daily population last year was 2,910, and yesterday the census board in the administration building, which is kept up to date every day, showed the population to be: Men, (white), 1,734; colored, 384; women (white), 456; colored, 264. Total, 2,908.

For the immigrants into the city of the insane come from many quarters. Primarily the population is made up of all of Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors that go insane while enlisted; the members of the Revenue Cutter Service, the Marine Corps, the inmates of the National Homes for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, and all insane persons charged with or convicted of crimes against the United States. Outside of these, the only other inmates are the unfortunates who go insane within the District of Columbia.

Kindness for Inmates.

To go through the Hospital for the Insane is a task from which any man who sympathizes with his kind might shrink. Here, indeed, everything has been done that kindness can prompt, science suggest, or skill provide to lessen the ills that nature has wrought. There is no gloom, no prison air, or outward signs of restraint. It is as if these buildings were set in the midst of a fair country, where, indeed—

Every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

But in spite of it all, there is something terrifying and harrowing to the soul in the vacant glances of the patients—so often apparently unconscious of the gulf that divides their lives from those of their fellow-men; the sense of life without vitality, of existence without purpose.

Enter one of the psychopathic wards under the direction of an attendant. One of the first things you may note will be the table, piled high with the men's caps. The men themselves are lounging about inside. But how significant the caps are! Here is an army slouch hat, marked with a big "P" and with the word "Cavite" written on the brim. It speaks more eloquently than its wearer can now of service in the Philippines under a broiling sun. Hard by there is a red-banded service cap of an American marine. Piled about are the caps of infantrymen; the khaki cap of some soldier, dusty with field service, and underneath two or three caps of seamen, Uncle Sam's jack tars, whose voyaging has brought them to this port at the last.

In this ward it is shaving day, and the patients are gathered in the center of the room, while one man, a patient, but tractable, lathers such as sit in the chair, while the attendant, handling his razor a-thought, carefully performs his office on their beards. There seems something sinister in the juxtaposition of razors and insane men—it seems to violate all the literary unities—but here they take it all as a matter of course.

Nor can you remain an outside spectator of these scenes, however much you might wish. Up comes a young and handsome fellow dressed in the white duck of a man-of-war's man, and with a frank smile, says:

Wants to Get Back.

"How d' you do? Will you take a letter for me to the superintendent? He doesn't know I'm well yet and they won't tell him. I want to go to sea again."

He seems perfectly rational, but it turns out that he is always writing letters, which is a failing of most of them when they have pen and paper. But, after all, the sailor's longing for the sea does seem perfectly natural, and one wishes that he might go.

Then comes a Japanese demanding to be let out. He speaks in broken English and Japanese, mixed in inextricable confusion, but he is very emphatic about it, and is led away by an attendant lest he grow too excited. He was a cook in the diplomatic service in Washington and has been here for six years.

Just as you go to leave this ward, up steps a neatly dressed man—one is always at a loss here for a moment to distinguish between patient and attendant—and says:

"How do you do, sir. I am sent here by God; specially sent here as His agent to do His work. That's who I am, sir. Now you know. That's all I wanted." And so he steps aside with elaborate politeness. Off in the corner there is a gray-bearded man philosophically smoking a pipe. He is evidently about fifty years old.

"He was a lieutenant in the navy," whispers the attendant. "He's been here for about nine years. He never says a word." Just think of it—a lieutenant! Think how many who were of this man's grade in the navy who have gone on to promotion! Some of them to fame. Yet he stays here, a lieutenant. That will be his rank until the end comes.

Once Well-known Musician.

A distinguished-looking old gentleman with a Turkish fez adorning his brow comes up and shakes hands. It is curious how solicitious these people are after your health; gives no evidences of abnormality, and passes on. He was once a well-known musician in Washington; he often talks to the attendants about the "happy days" when he moved audiences by his playing. As you leave the ward you may notice an old soldier, grizzled and bent, enwrapt in Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," and near him a man who was once a well-known educator, equally as interested in a copy of "East Lynn" or "The Earl's Daughter." But, perhaps, such strange contrasts in literary tastes are not altogether unknown among those who pass for sane.

And one thing the visitor will notice in all the wards—the constant movement. The floors are polished until they shine like glass and are as treacherous to walk on as dancing floors, but in every ward there are some of the patients who pace up and down, up and down the length of the corridors pushing before them heavy polishing tools, covered with woolen blankets, eternally polishing, pushing, polishing, as if their only mania was one of cleanliness.

On the other side of the administration building is the receiving ward for women. Here a head nurse meets you at the door, and from behind her comes a lady very nicely dressed, her golden hair done in the latest mode and her fingers displaying several rings, who bows. You bow in return and pass on only to wonder as you hear the attendant say:

Cause Husband's Death.

"She's a patient. Caused her husband to blow his brains out. She was discharged once as cured, but she asked to be allowed to stay. That's why she's here now. I guess the fact that any one wanting to remain in this place shows that they can't be quite cured yet." A sapient verdict with which most of us will agree.

About the halls and corridors other women sit, some of them reading, some eyeing the visitors curiously. One old lady, with beautiful white hair, has it divided into two strands, and she brushes these assidiously, as if that were her chief reason for existence.

Across from here, over the wide lawn, is the "L" building, the "Room of the 400," as some have christened it. It is where women who are not at all violent live, and the place is tastefully fitted up with carpets and rugs, and there are flowers on the table in tall vases and evidences of taste abound. There is a piano, too, and as we enter the woman with the golden locks—she who would not be discharged—is playing "Nearer, My God to Thee" with delicacy of touch and is singing the hymn softly with considerable feeling.

But after you have been in one or two of the wards, there is a terrible sameness about the rest. The same curious facial expressions, the same shuffling and almost noiseless step, the same watchful politeness, the same letters. There is a difference when you come to the woman's ward, where the lower floor is given over to white women and the upper to colored women; but it is a difference that is best not made clear. On the sun-porches of this building certain colored women, with strong voices, yell unmentionable things at the passer-by, and the alleged wit of some of them bring forth screams of approving laughter from both above and below—laughter that is not good to hear.

Come Under Suspicion.

Hospitals for the insane have always come more or less under suspicion, due in a very large degree to the sensational literature that has had insane asylums for its theme. No one did more harm in this regard than Charles Reade, though many other writers have sought to convey the idea that insane asylums were hotbeds of brutality and injustice. Whatever truth there may have been in these highly colored stories of days gone by, there is no truth in them to-day, so far, at least, as the Government Hospital for the Insane is concerned.

The one place where due caution is needed and where there is evidence of restraint is in Howard Hall, the group of buildings in which the criminal insane are confined. Besides the attendant who had gone to the other wards, the special warder of this group of buildings made the tour of the criminal wards. There stepped out a negro, an ugly-looking yellow man, who carried a bundle of clean sheets in his hand. It turned out that he had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for having held up a postal carrier in some Southern State—held him up at the point of a revolver. He has been in the hospital for years. This negro had never seen the new attendant before, but as soon as saw him he began a burst of insult and profanity that was unbelievable. Not a word did the attendant say in reply, but the warder of the hall said quietly:

"That will do, Jim."

"Yes, it will do," cried the insane man savagely, and raising his arm quickly he struck the attendant over the head with the bundle that he carried. There was no resentment—not even of speech. The negro was led to his room and told to remain there, and progress through the wards was made as if nothing unusual had happened.

Criminal Taint Evident.

Throughout this ward the attitude is one of marked hostility—the criminal taint is evident.

"Give us a nickel, Mister, to buy some tobacco," cries a bearded man.

"Why, that —— — — —— wouldn't give yer nuthing," cries a near-by negro.

"Both of them are murderers. One killed a revenue officer in Arkansas, a man who had caught him making "moonshine." The other was a post-office robber from the South.

Seated about the brick-paved yard, walking around it in circle after circle, or standing about making strange gesticulations these men, white and colored, are the only ones in the institution who look like caged beasts. But most of them are dangerous men with great potentialities for evil. Two of them are locked in their rooms for trying to escape, and from behind their barred windows they pour out torrents of abuse. One of them fashioned a long rope out of torn blankets and also made an imitation revolver out of soap, covering the soap with tinfoil to lend his weapon verisimilitude. It was plain that he had intended to overawe the keeper with this fantastic weapon. Appearing to be an intelligent man, you will learn that he was a postal clerk who forged many postal orders and cashed them, and now as he sees the guard standing there he cries:

"Say you, guard! Tell him about the man who hanged himself last year. Say, do you know you can't get a letter out of this place—the d—— keepers steal the stamps. Better take a good look at me, I'm going to escape some day," and so on, ad nauseum.

"Wickersham" His Name.

Down there in the shade you may see a man neatly dressed in black playing checkers with a soldier who is dressed in service garb, even to the puttees. The black-garbed man is a lawyer who took up some claims in Alaska, and when a man tried to jump his claim, he shot and killed him. He served three years imprisonment at McNeals Island and then went insane and so he is here. He firmly believes now that he is the Attorney General of the United States and that Mr. Wickersham has usurped his job.

All of these men have to be watched. Each one of them in Howard Hall is a source of danger. It has only been a short while ago when one of them, very quiet and well-behaved, suddenly set on a keeper with a pocketknife and nearly killed him. He stabbed several other patients, and as for the keeper, he has lost the use of his right arm for life from the cuts that he received.

But in spite of this, the slumbering volcano of all that is evil in men's natures, made worse and more virulent by lack of reason, there is no unkindness. No shackles or chains are used. The keepers carry no weapons. The patients are as irresponsible as children—as children they are treated.

It is pleasant to get away from the criminals out into the grounds once more, where, seated in the shade of the trees, the patients sit and doze and chatter the hours away. Up comes an aged darky, with snow-white hair and shiny teeth, one of the "characters" of the place. He was for many years a waiter in the hotels and cafes of Washington, and his mind, diseased as it is, is a perfect storehouse of names of those he has waited on, and perhaps those he imagines he has waited on.

Knew Great Men.

"Why, sah," he says, "when I wuz a boy I done wait on Mas' Jeff Davis, yas, sir, and Mr. Linkum, too, and many's a time I served a drink o' whisky to Lewis Cass. I done knowed all o' dem folks—Gen. Grant, Wilkes Booth, the man what 'sassinated Mr. Linkum, and 'Lige Halford an' John C. New, and—thankee, massa, that'll buy po' ole man a bit of tobaccer—much 'bleeged, sah."

Many of these patients find employment on the institution's big farm, where, under proper supervision, they are capable of healthy and helpful work. It is astonishing the amount of vegetables they are able to get out of the little gardens back of the buildings. Others of them find light employment down in the workshops, where they cane chairs—one of the Japanese insane is an adept at this work—make rugs and do the clothes mending for the place.

It is a strange and motely gathering that Uncle Sam takes care of here, for there are men from every quarter of the globe, from far away Korea, Malta, Roumania, Russia, Norway, Greece, China, Wales—every country is represented, almost, and one strange patient who cannot tell aught about himself is marked "unknown."

Here all distinctions are leveled; all are cared for alike and all receive the best treatment of which human skill is capable, for, in addition to the superintendent, who heads the medical staff, there are a host of men who devote their time and their energy to aiding—physicians, pathologists, histopathologists, psychologists, dentists, ophthalmologists, and what not—all ministering to these minds diseased.

SUPERINTENDENT AT ST. ELIZABETH.

DR. WILLIAM A. WHITE.

GREATER THAN NIAGARA.

Victoria Falls in Rhodesia Are One Mile Wide and 400 Feet High.

To the American and Canadian who have stood on the banks of the Niagara lost in wonderment before that mighty roar of waters, it may come as a surprise to hear that somewhere else in the world there exists a "fall" even greater than the great Niagara. For this reason we have chosen to give some description of the Victoria Falls in Rhodesia, which are unanimously regarded as the greatest in the world, says the American Register.

Of the beauty, the grandeur, and the fascination of the Victoria Falls, the native name of which is Moisi-oa-tunya (smoke that sounds), much has been written, but it is quite impossible from any written description for the mind and the imagination to realize the magnificence of what has been described as "the most beautiful gem of the earth's scenery." The Victoria Falls are about twice as broad and two and a half times as high as the Niagara Falls, being over a mile wide and four hundred feet high—higher than the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. The level of the land above the falls is the same as that below, the immense volume of water falling precipitately its entire breadth into a deep, narrow fissure.

There is only one small outlet, about 100 yards wide, to this awful chasm, and the roar and turmoil—a veritable and mighty "troubling of the waters"—where the seething mass thunders through this opening into what has been fittly named the Boiling Pot, is terrific and bewildering. From the Boiling Pot the contents of the Zambesi River rush with unbridled fury along a narrow and deep gorge of basaltic cliffs, which extends with many zizag windings for over forty miles.

How many ages it has taken to bring about this wonderful change in the river bed of the Zambesi, or whether it was instantaneous, must be left for experts to decide; but whatever the cause, the result is certainly one of the most marvelous works that nature has ever accomplished.

Practical Difficulty.

From Tit-Bits.

A Scottish lassie, asked by her teacher, "Why did the Israelites make to themselves a golden calf?" replied with the ever ready and practical reasoning of her countrywomen:

"Well, ye ken, marm, they hadna as mukle siller as wad mak' a coo."

ALONE.

(By ELISABETH ELLICOTT POE.)

Alone we must fight life's battles
On the mountain heights of pain,
And if the fight be really fought
There is glory in loss or gain.
From the dawn when the infant cooing
In language none understand
To the hour of death and darkness
Let the struggle be hand to hand.

But the Angel Love can enter
As far as the outer gates,
And his voice can soothe the anguish
Of Loss that in Sorrow waits.
A whisper of Pity may steal through
The crust of long years of sin,
And leave a half-opened passage
Where the Angel Good comes in.

Then Mercy, the gentler spirit,
Beside her sister stands
And pours the wine of healing
With her own gracious hands.
But there where no other cometh
Must the victor gain his strength
To conquer the gaunt battalions
Of desires by Satan sent.

Alone though the world's around us
With its teeming hordes of man,
Yet none can gauge our coming,
None measure our life's brief span.
Alone and the world goes by us
With never a thought or care;
Whether we're lost in the whirlpool,
Or if we win and where.

The Carnegie Steel Company pays about one-seventh of the entire taxes collected by the city of Youngstown, Ohio.

WHY EUROPE MISUNDERSTANDS US

Impressions Gained on Flying Visit to These Shores Accepted as Representing Actual Conditions Existing Here.

By CHARLOTTE M. CONGER.

Every now and then a foreign person alights on these shores for the purpose—unavowed, of course—of exploiting America. This foreign person may have a "stunt" to do, he may have something to sell, or he may propose to buy something if he can get it at his price; but whatever he has in hand he comes for personal aggrandizement and to gather in good American sheckles, and his attitude toward America depends very much upon his success or unsuccess.

If he goes back with bursting wallet, he thinks America the most wonderful country in the world, Americans the most delightful people, "unusual, you knew; unique, but so hospitable, so kind-hearted and generous." If, on the contrary, our foreign friend has failed in his carefully conceived projects, failed to convince us, failed to "do" us, he announces with ill-concealed disgust that we are rich vulgarians, lacking sentiment, lacking culture; and he proceeds to write such bladerdash about us that one wonders at his lack of knowledge and his venom until we recall that he failed in his endeavor to "touch" us, and in abusing us he seeks consolation and revenge.

The American sense of humor, however, is too keenly developed to allow us to be anything but amused at the wonderful notes that the disappointed one publishes upon his return home.

Do Not Resent Criticism.

It is a mistaken idea that Americans resent criticism. They invite it and profit by it. We owe an unpayable debt to such citizens of the world, such deep and profound students of people and customs, such friends of humanity as James Bryce, Ferrero, and Munsterberg for their understanding and friendly criticism. Mr. Bryce has written the best book on American institutions that has ever been published, and he knows us—the American people—quite as well as he knows our government and institutions. He knows and likes us, yet he is not blind to our faults, and recognizing his sympathy and good will, we take kindly criticism in the same spirit it is given and are stimulated to better endeavor, to finer effort, because of it.

Ferrero, in the few months of his stay among us, found out what we have always endeavored to hide under a bluff exterior and a don't-care manner, that we are a sentimental people, whereas nearly all of the Latins who visit us set down as utilitarians of rather gross sort, so we love Ferrero because, with subtle sympathy he looked beneath the surface, scratched through the veneer and found the heart of us beating warm and honestly.

Shows Us Our Faults.

Munsterberg can hardly be classed as a foreigner. He has been so long among us that he looks at things American in the same spirit and from much the same point of view that a profound American scholar would regard them. He writes of us as we really are, shows us our faults, and applauds our virtues, and we accept what he says in the same friendly spirit in which it is offered, in the same spirit in which a man accepts the praise and blame bestowed by a brother who loves him.

Our attitude in these instances evidence that Americans do not resent criticism, they only resent, or laugh at, rather, foolish, unmerited, stupid criticism, which begins with, "Having been only six weeks in America"—or three, or two, as the case may be—"it is presumptuous to give a correct summary of the country and its people. If it is presumptuous, then why undertake it? Yet they do undertake it, these people who fly into New York, spend a few weeks at a big hotel, and then fly away again, having seen nothing outside of the great cosmopolitan metropolis which is as foreign in some quarters as Naples, Paris, or Berlin.

The Pope and His Visitors.

The shorter visit the average traveler makes to a country, the more he seems to know, or thinks he knows about it, which recalls the story of the Pope and the three foreigners, who were presented to him. Of the first the holy father asked, "How long have you been in Rome?"

"Three weeks, your holiness," replied the visitor.

"Then," replied the Pope, "you have seen Rome and know Rome pretty thoroughly."

"Yes," replied the visitor, "I have seen about all there is to see."

"And you," asked the Pope of the second visitor, "how long have you been in Rome?"

"Six months," was the reply.

"Ah," said his holiness, "then you have been able to learn something about our city, to become a bit acquainted with it."

"Oh, no," answered the man, "I have seen only a corner of the city here and there, but I have hardly begun as yet to know it."

"May I ask how long you have been here," inquired the Pope of his third visitor.

"Three years," was the reply.

"Then," said the Pope, "you know nothing as yet about this, marvelous city, but you are interested, you begin?"

"I have learned enough of it, your holiness, to know that to understand it even a little, is the work of a life time, and I have made a beginning, that is all."

Take Superficial Glance.

But most of the foreigners who visit America have the conceited and assumption of the Pope's first visitor, and at the end of a two or three weeks assert and believe that they have seen and known all there is to be seen and all there is now known of a country, that it takes nearly a week to cross and whose inhabitants represent every race under the sun. But their notes recall those of the traveler who, on crossing the frontier into a new country, met a man walking on crutches, immediately his note book came out and he wrote, "All the inhabitants of this country are lame."

It is amusing to be told by foreigners who have never been out of sight of the Statue of Liberty that all Americans talk through their noses, that all Americans are teetotalers, that the only American beverage is grog, that all American women wear diamonds and that all American children are impertinent to their parents, because they happen to have run across teetotalers, impertinent children vulgarians who affect diamonds and the drink known as grog, which one never meets outside an old-fashioned novel of seafaring life. These deep students might as well say that all Americans speak with a German accent, that all Americans wear false teeth, and that all Americans beat their wives.

Not Anxious to Understand.

But these European Munchausens do not want to understand. They do not want to meet representative people or to see the earnest side of things. They prefer rather to pick out the monstrous things that come in their way and to give their imaginations free play that they may find a market for their lurid tales among the yellow journals, which cater to degenerate appetites.

I was very much interested when I lived in Germany to note that the papers published an account of every morbid crime committed in this country. Political news was lightly passed over and condensed into a paragraph or two, but they would give any amount of space to a murder or a sensational divorce suit, and some of the things I noted in my Berlin paper never appeared in the papers I received from New York, and some of those bizarre dispatches must, I am quite sure, have been the result of the imaginings of some ambitious correspondent on this side of the water, whose only aim was to satisfy the morbid appetites of his readers.

But Americans have themselves to thank for some of the misinformation that is circulated about them, for traveling American wags delight to test to the utmost the credulity of foreigners, and I have been asked to substantiate stories that I dare not repeat, fearing I might be accused of manufacturing them.

Fanciful Tales Told.

A dear old English lady once asked me if it was really true that American mothers always knocked at the door of the drawing-room before entering when their grown-up daughters are entertaining men callers. I laughed, of course, and asked her what had put such a ridiculous idea in her head. She explained that once, traveling in Sweden, she had occupied a railway carriage with an American general, a very amiable, brilliant, and interesting man, whom she had plied with questions regarding things she had heard of America.

"I had always been given to understand, you know," she explained, "that American girls went about quite unprotected, and so I was asking him about chaperons, you know, and he assured me that American girls were quite competent to take care of themselves and their mothers, too, after they had reached a certain age, and that a well-trained mother—that was the very expression he used, a well-trained mother—would never think of going in on her daughter who was entertaining a suitor, or a possible suitor, without knocking. Which, of course, seemed very strange to me, and quite un-English, you know."

I immediately recognized her amiable and brilliant American general. It was that merciless and wicked wag who preferred a good joke to a good dinner any day, though he did not scorn the latter—the late Gen. Henry G. Thomas, who was at that time visiting his brother, W. W. Thomas, the American Minister at Stockholm; and when I faced him with it later he confessed to being the sinner.

Amazes Little Fraulein.

A little German fraulein, who taught her language at a pension where I happened to be staying, asked me once, very naively, if it was true that Americans drank nothing but champagne.

"I had thought," she explained, "that lemonade was your national drink, but the young herr from Omaha City tells me that you drink nothing but champagne, and that you use it just as we do beer, and serve it instead of tea in the afternoon."

I sought out the young herr from Omaha City and forced him to explain, but whether he succeeded in convincing the little fraulein that he had lied, or whether he made it appear that I was the prevaricator, I have never learned.

I have been asked such silly questions by seemingly intelligent foreigners as, "Do all the American ladies have their boots blacked in the streets?" "Have you ever seen a lynching, and do they often occur in Washington?" "Do the Indians give you much trouble in the part of the country where you live?" and I was asked by a Frenchman once upon a time if I would not look up his son, who had accepted a position as civil engineer, explaining that as he was very young and had never been away from home, he (the father) was afraid of the pitfalls that awaited him in America and would feel easier if he felt that I would keep an eye on him, "Certainly," said I; "it would give me great pleasure to look him up. Just where would he be located?" "In the Rocky Mountains," replied the anxious father, quite innocently.

These mistakes, made by provincial foreigners who have never come in contact with Americans, are amusing enough, but they are not irritating, as are the misinformation given out by those travelers who sail into New York Harbor, remain in that town a few weeks, and then sail out again, often enough without visiting any other city in America, and then proceed to write voluminously about things they know nothing about.

A recent writer of this description says that the great personal pronoun "I" is in direct evidence when you meet a citizen of the United States. This sounds well, and it is doubtless true of the persons, or a few of the persons, "Rita" met, but it is true of a few of the persons any of us meet in all countries and all parts of the world; it is true of nearly all uncultivated persons, true of some cultivated ones, for there seems to be an impression among undisciplined people that what they think, how things affect them, are of some importance.

Only recently I met a globe trotter, an English globe trotter, who spread the "I's" so thickly through everything he said that I felt an almost uncontrollable temptation to say, "My dear sir, we really don't care what you think, recognizing the fact that you are not a trained thinker, but an unmitigated egotist and an unmitigated bore;" and I studied German in Berlin with a woman whose "ich" became so unbearable that I ceased my lessons only to be rid of it. The egoist is to be found everywhere, in every country, and in every age. Wolsey is not the only one to cry, "Ego et rex meus." Every age and every country has not one but many, who, if they did not cry in bad Latin "Ego et rex meus," feel that it is a question of "me and the king."

Politeness Not a Lost Art.

"Politeness has no value in the States. It is not a commercial attribute, and is the first superfluity that the emigrant discards."

I am quoting again from a recent visitor on this side of the water, and from my very heart I wish I could deny this statement, for "politeness is a main ingredient of culture—a kind of witchery that wins the regard of all assuredly as discourtesy gains their disfavor," and as "charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before man," and I love my country enough to want to see it stand first in everything—and it does in so many things. But, alas! we are lacking in politeness as no other nation on earth is lacking in it.

After a long residence in Europe, it is the first thing one notices on arriving in New York—the lack of courtesy, the deference and politeness that is characteristic of every country and every class in Europe—and so I cannot contradict our recent visitor in this regard; but I can dispute her when she says that we accept impoliteness as a matter of course; for the lack of politeness that one observes and suffers from is not impoliteness, for impoliteness must be intentional, and the seeming impoliteness is due to lack of knowledge and training, not to intention.

There are no people in the world kinder hearted, more generous in their dealings than the public servants in New York. I have seen a big, burly Broadway policeman take up a little child and comfort it with as much tenderness and gentleness as its own mother might, but their manners are the result of a system, and a very bad system.

Public Servants Polite.

There is no space here to set forth the difference between the municipal government in some of the foreign cities—Berlin, for instance—and New York, but the first requisite of an employe of the city in Berlin is politeness; the first requirement here is the ability to "get there."

If the conductor of a Berlin street car should tell his passengers to "step lively" or to "git a move on yer there" in the German equivalents for these expressions, he would be dismissed from the service promptly, and might be considered fortunate if he escaped imprisonment or fine; but hustlers are at a premium in New York, and it is the man who "gets there," no matter how, who comes in for the greatest reward.

One could fill pages with reasons for the lack of politeness in America, but the main reason is the prevailing "I am as good and a little better than thou" feeling, the false pride, and the false idea of what constitutes liberty. If we examine the question carefully we will find that there is much that savors of slavery in our much-boasted liberty, for we are the victims of certain abuses that are committed in the name of that much-misunderstood goddess; but there is one thing typically American that keeps hope in the hearts of the most skeptic among us, and that is, though we as free and independent Americans resent criticism and resent outside interference, we never fail to benefit from that same hated criticism.

We Are All Foreigners.

But we have strayed far from our mutton. One of our recent visitors says that there are very few painters and sculptors who have taken a prominent place in American history as American artists, and even those have studied abroad and utilized European methods and models. Possibly, too—if their ancestors were traced far enough—they would be found to be of foreign birth or extraction.

The dear lady! We are all of foreign extraction, we Americans, as every student, even the most casual, of history should know. For our baby country was only discovered in 1492, and not settled until the early part of the seventeenth century, and all of us, save those who claim descent from the aborigines, are of foreign extraction. Our ancestors were Roosian, French or Turk, or Prussian, or perhaps I-ta-li-an; but some of us, in spite of all temptations to select an ancestor from other nations, preferred an Englishman (with apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan).

Naturally, we can trace our ancestry back to a foreign source only to us New Englanders, who revere the memory of our English ancestors and cherish English traditions. England can never be a foreign country. Just as naturally, having in the first hundred years of our existence to fight savages and build homes and make farms in primeval forests, we have no time to cultivate art, and so, loving such things, craving such things, needing such things, we go to the other side for them; and we seek there not only instruction and inspiration in art, but all that the older civilization of Europe offers us.

We Go Arrogantly.

We do not, it is true, go humbly, cap in hand, begging for its riches, but arrogantly, too arrogantly, with open purse. We demand to buy at their own price. When all is told, however, are we more commercial in offering to buy than our foreign friends are in their willingness to see the heirlooms and other precious treasures that are associated with the history of their families and the state?

Nor are we any more commercial than those foreigners who come over here with the sole purpose of exploiting us. They have failed, perhaps, in London, or Paris, or in both places, but what is not good enough for Paris or London, they argue, will go in New York, and when they find that New York is quite as intelligent in its criticisms as London or Paris they gnash their teeth in anger and call us bad names—and we don't mind what they say as long as it comes somewhere near the truth.

WEDDING VOWS FARCICAL

Progressive women, especially those who strongly object to the one-sided form of the Christian marriage ceremony, will hail Rev. W. B. Millard, pastor of the Morgan Park Congregational Church, Chicago, as their welcome fugleman.

Dr. Millard, at a meeting of the Congregational ministers in Masonic Temple, denounced the marriage ceremony as "farcical," "foolish," "obsolete," "barbarous," and a "mockery." The chief blame for all this he laid at the doors of the officiating minister.

"Not the buffoons," said Dr. Millard, "who abuse friendship by throwing rice and old shoes, nor the guests who outrage hospitality by stealing baggage, are the ones who make marriages a mockery, but rather he who with solemn mien seems all unconscious of the grotesque effect of the obsolete phrases which he uses—the minister.

"When the minister requires the bridegroom to say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' in most cases he becomes an accomplice in conscious perjury. The bridegroom does not endow his wife with all his worldly goods, either in law or in fact. He has no intention of doing so; the bride does not expect it, the clergyman knows that the words will not be taken seriously, and everybody understands the phrase as a bit of ecclesiastical fiction.

"But if this be bad, it is immeasurably worse when some bankrupt prodigal from over seas, whose estates are as badly decayed as his character, comes frankly to barter a title for a fortune, with maiden thrown in as an undesirable incumbrance. When such an ignoble noble utters the solemn words, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' the swarm of hungry creditors hovering in the background must shriek with glee."

Dr. Millard, while he was about it, took the Apostle Paul to task for having said: "Wives, obey your husbands." If that other maxim of Paul's, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," were put into force to-day, Dr. Millard declared, "many of the churches would be put out of business." "Obstructionists who have thrown the Bible in the way of every forward step that the race has ever taken" were denounced as "boneheads" by the Morgan Park pastor.